NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RUSSELL'S DIARY IN INDIA. MY DIARY IN INDIA IN THE TEAR 1830-9. By William Howand Russill, Lt. D. Syste, 12:00. Routledge, Waine & Routledge.

The author of these volumes, during his residence

in India as special correspondent of The Times rewspaper, was in the habit of keeping a private journal in which he entered the daily occurrences of his ordinary life. He has here reproduced the original record, with the exception of conversations and occurrences of a private or co-fidential character, together with a few potes and observations suggested by the topic under discussion. Mr Russell is well known as a descriptive writer of singular brilliancy and force. In the power of giving a vivid representation of a scene by a masterly exercise of word painting, he is searcely excelled by any living sutbor. His peculiar talent appears to great advantage in the present work, which is filled with narratives of intense interest, as well as abounding in rare and valuable information.

We extract the account of his first impressions on

arriving at Calcutta:

We drove to the Bengal Club, where I had been We drove to the Bengal Club, where I had been kindly put up, and elected as an neuerary member. The benefit and advantage of the courtesy were all the greater that, in the Indian sinbs, members can have reduced for me. Authorgh it was January, the heat was very great on board the steamer, and along the road, which had not neen watered. The delights of that club bedroom were great; for attached to it was a dark latticed room, in which stood many large rid earthen pitchers of water, and a glorious tub. It is the one constant luxurious necessity that one repeats in incia—that universal bath-room!

"And what do I think of Catentia!" Well, I am fairly pozzled to asy whether it most resembles Moscow

"And what do I think of Calentia?" Well, I am fairly puzzled to say whether it most resembles Moscow or Nicholneff; but assuredly it does make a Muscowite impression upon me. Parts of it remind one of the Neva banks at St. Petersburg. Then, again, the white houses, surrounded with walks provided with green verandas and small porticose, the porte-cockers, the courts and inclosures, and the low elevation of the dwellings, and the width of the streets, and great open appares, suggest Moscow; while the trans-Hooghly dwellings, and the wind of the stress, and green spaces, engagest Moscow; while the trans-Hooghly district, seen through a mass of spars and chipping, looks like the view of Nicholseff (Nikolaev, if you like it better), as seen from the right bans of the Bong. Garden Reach, and the fine broad can eway by the wide river, lined with trees, look well, so do
the green purspets of the Fore, with its bastions and
curtains rising sharply above the verdure of the glaces.
On the land aids of the Fort is a beautiful lawn-like sheet of grass intersected by roads studded with trees, and fenced in by a line of shining while houses, elaboand fenced in by a line of sharing white houses, elaborately porticeed and colonnated, which sweep round from Government House on the left to the regions of Alipore on the right of the Fors, as we look from the buggy. And pray, what is a buggy? It is a gig with a hood. The European drives, the Syce rans by the horse's head with a fly whink in his hand, or perches up behind at the back of the hooe. Seen thus, with the light falling on the houses of the winghtee not too year, while the prayer of the glacks and plain is near, pray—while the grass of the glacis and plain is still green, and the trees are clothed in leaves, the first aspect of Culcutta 11 agreeable. But "the City of Palaces?" Well, well! As to palaces, we really mus-Palaces?" Well, well: As to palaces, we really mus-see! The Fort to me is the most interesting edifice of all. It was impossible to survey without emotion the spot of ground where, it century and a ball 1830, a doubtful little colony took passession of the pied-a terre presented to them by the pet son of the great derre presented to them by the pet son of the great Aurungzebe, and in tear and srembing at the boldness of their step acrosstae Hooghly, where they were flour ishing well enough, more their first settlement amid the native villages essagged to them. Here was the work commencenced by thive, after Plassey, and which, but a few short men has go, was the refuge of the Europeans of Calcutta from what they feared would be a late worse than that which beful the victims of the Black Hele. The fort tooks sout and sond and is constructed after the best principles of fortification of the last century, on which, as far as I know, it ere has been no improvement, except Forguson's untested are the last century, on which, as as as as know, the last been no improvement, except Forgusons undested at a tem be one. The emoratures are too much crowded, I think; and the armament, though cumerous, is light as opposed to modern slege guns. The defenses against vertical fire are by no means perfect. But I

am getting far beyond my noise.

Let us return to that couldn't with its open court, shaded passages, and well blunded windows, where not a cound is heard but the twistering whistle of the not a sound is heard but the twistering whistle of the kite, or the thirsty caw of the Indian crows. Inside there is equal stilence, broken now and then by "he reacte of a nawepaper," the pop of a core, the click of billiand balls, or a feeble "qui-bye" from a distant softs. It is a smarry, but no one goes cut in the sun. As I doze away in the cool shade of the darketed room, a shadow in white giides before me—a small, bright eyed, alight limbed mao, with a curl of grey hair escaping from under his enumous turban. He sahams to the Sahib, and saye, "My name S mon! me master's rervant." Then, standing with his arms folded across his breast, he waits till I have read the certificates to his consuctor and atvairments, which the certificates to his character and at aimments, which are pinced in a little pile before me. He has been engaged for me before my arrival; and though his wages paged for me before my arrival; and though his wages are very high for hed a-25 inpees a month-as he speaks ringlish, and has traveled over must of India several times, I am glad to get one who is well recommended. Among his papers is one to the effect that he was once a heathen, named Allagapah, but that he was baptized by a mesion my of St. Francis d'Assirsis, mid is now a Christian, Simon by name. Installed, he at once est to work to open all my boxes, to take possession of all my keys and effects, and to make an inventory of the same—for his own satisfacmake an inventory of the same—for his own satisfac-tion, I presame. When it was getting dark, D— came round for me in his bug, y, to perform the great ceremony of Calcanta life—to take the evening turn ceremony of Calcusta life—to take the evening on the Esplayade, or on the Course. The Espl lies in front of Chowringbee, and it is theref from of the Citb. In the midst, on the right of as, is a bad impation of the Nelson monument, in Trafalgar aguare, with Nelson removed from the top. Before us is the Fort.

Is this a limbe in which all races, black and white, are doing penance on the outside of strange quadra-peda, and in the interior of impossible vehicles! The banks of the measyory Sorpentine, the weary galety of the Champa Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, and the Avenue de St. Cloud, the profound anatority of the Prater, are haunts of frivolous reckles, unsecorous, loud-laughing Momussic all his nymphe—Euphrosyne, and Phyrie, and others—compared with his deadly promenade a chevalet a pied, where you expect every moment to hear the Dead March in Saul, or to see the moment to hear the Peas and in San, or to see the waving black estrict planes spront out of a carriage-top; not that there is not frivolity, receives nos, in secorum, and laughter here, to; but Moenus wears a white bat and his innoted at the club; Enghrosyna's husband is weary, and she is obliged to be quiet, as the husband is weary, and she is chilged to be quiet, as the Melpomenes are in town; and Phyrne is going to be married to old Rhadamanthus text week, after the heavy case is disposed of. These are, indeed, solomn processions, which not even youth and beauty, or their amulants, can make gav. The ground is well whereeld when the same was the many horses. But darkness has set in on the faces of the multitude. The moment the sum made a decised bow to the boritant contractions and horses; but zon, out came carriages, pinetons, and horses; but scarcely have they revolved twice in their course, ere that eun has vanished into darkness. Phoebus Nox have bere a sterile union; and the stordy, long-lived Crepuecule of our southern climes is unborn and

Here is a scene which the writer witnessed on

boat sail from S-rampore: Late at night, and with some difficulty we managed to get a boat—that "we" being a gentleman who was, I taink, Principal, or one of the professors of the Dove-ton College, and myself; and, I am bound to say, that we did not, in getting the conveyance, act quite like Israelites in whom there was no guile. Standing of the muddy and elippery shore of the river, nor running with stream and obb tide fast towards Ca the river, nov cutta, we hailed boat after boat of the many wh were giding down nonelessly in the moonlig but as soon as the bostman heard what we want being bound most probably for some intermediate ghaut, they shot out from the bank and left us lament-ing. At last craft prevailed. A boat ran in, in reply to a mild hall, and the moment her bow came to t bank, sliding and slipping through the mud, we boarded her. At the words "to Calcutta," delivered in the vernacular, a load wail was raised by the b at men, who declared they could not go; but we were now the masters and evading an attempt to leave us in the boat by pushing her of from the bank before the bostmen could reach it, we pushed off into the stream, and there was nothing left for the grumbling natives but to take to their oars and talk of This little act of piracy was avenged by many inso to. which immediately came out of the cabin of the boar and the woodwork, or flew off from the shore, and and the woodwork, or new on thin the shore, and devoured me, at least, with avidity. Under other circumstances I should have much enjoyed that long monalight slide down the great river, which can along with a so t gengling song, as though rejoicing in its coming liberty. In the indistinct light the wooded bants rostened into a valves forest, and which should be the state of the s

Subgroup School date (participated of september of the

they swept along the shores, gave the score its true character, and effected the impressions of civilized life produced by white pelaces and park-like woods. For more than two hours we glided on, the boatmen rewing to the sound of a wild and not quite unmuscal strain, and guiding the boat as the current was strongest, from bank to bank or in mid stream; and at lest we became a ware that the villages on shore were running as it were into a continuous lice; that big native boats, with uncouth rigging, were moored in champs here and there off the banks; that the dogs burked louder, the jackale velted less frequently, and the here and there off the banks; that the dogs barked londer, the jackals yelfed less frequently, and the humof voices and the noise of drams waxed stronger, and now and then great budgerows crossed our path, and now and then great budgerows crossed our path, or lay anchored in the tideway. Some distance before us, as we swept close in shore, a red light streamed upward into the air, through a cloud of smoke, which leoked black and heavy in the moonlight. As we got nearer, I could make out some seven or eight firea, all together, some blazing fiercely, with sparks flying apward, others in a dead red smoolder. The glare fell on the black faces and white turbans and dresses of a small crowd of natives, who were busied a nong the small crowd of natives, who were busied a nong the small crowd of hatives, who were busied a nong the fires. Some threw in fresh logs, or moved the piles to make them burn quicker; o mers sat round the fires silently; others ran about in an excited way, tossing their arms as if in frantic joy, or grief. All around were the black wells of the houses, which set, as it were, the free and their attendants in a framework, it were, the fires and their attendants in a framework, completed by the river, across which the flames cust long black stadows, as the figures passed to and fro, conquering the moonlight in their power. It was a most wonderful and striking picture—nothing I have ever seen caure near to it for variety of effect. The black figures, streaked with white waistbands and tribans—the contrast between the repose of the groups rested near each fire with energetic, active, and coaseless movement of those who were running about—the fires elt mbering out quiedly, or glowing with the dall red of charcoal, or biszing, hissing, and splintering into sparks, which rose from the many longues of flame that cloft the dark clouds of smoke rolling out heavily toward us in the night wind—the mighty river running by like a torrect of quicksilver, striving in vain to carry off the shadows which ever diated it from the genety bank—those wild weird men duccing like demons. "Pooh! what is this dreadful smell—like—like coarse reacting meat ?" holding his nose, and in reply to my look, he said, "it's one of the Burning Ghauts!" "Boamon! bostmen! pull for your lives!" It wanted very little to make me sick to death I remember such another borror in an old book of travels—"cannibals feasting The special correspondent sees warm work soon

after his arrival at Lucknow. Under date of March 4. we have the following record:

This morning had very nearly seen the last of my This morning had very nearly seen the last of my penmarship, and put an end to a member—very humble, indeed—of that republic which young Prace Esterhazy assured me, at Moscow, was worse that the Rouge—the "proletariat of letters." I had sauntered out with my gless under my arm and went down to the garden which I previously mentioned. It must have been a very pretty spot—opening on the river by a flight of steps, with aicoves, covered walks, orangetrees, kirake, abundant statuary in plaster, a platform for dancing, as orchestra, the ornamented roofs, covered with gilded bosses and spires—tall cypreses and arm arinds berdered the orange plantations, and a wilered with gilded besses and spires—tall cypresses and tan arinds berdered the orange plantations, and a wilderness of flowers sprang up in their neglected beds. Everything was fast going to decay; the irrigation canals were choked up, the fountains were dry, the statues falling to pieces, the lattices in the kicoke broken. Walking out of the garden, I went down to the broken ground close to the river, and proceeded to take a good view of the Martinière, which seemed quite close at hand. On my left front was our wall, with two guns and two howitzers in position behind it, and the red-coats firing through the loophooles. About one bundred yares behind me was a small tree under which some officers were sitting small tree, under which some and stancing. A stout, round, little gendeman, bourgeois, whom I have remarked lately about flead-quarters, rode out of the Bibiapore park on a white peny, and joined the group. I was looking at the Martinide through my glase, soon after, and observed a fellow from behind the wall of it stretch out a coal at the end of a stick, or long pincers, to the gun, little dreaming that it was laid right for me, but in a second I heard the rush of the ball coming straight at me, and the wind of the abot made me wink. I turned instantly to see where it was going, and in the place where the to see where it was going, and in the place where the group under the tree had been, I saw but a pillar of dust and cartis. As it cleared away, the white pony appeared describing veritable scenes in the circle, with our strut friend on his back; but his entourage had observed. The shot had struce that under the horses belly; and it is no imputation on the chief clerk of the Adjusant-General's Department to say that he moved slowly away from ground which the enemy had so accurately measured. The wind of a shot has no physical effect, except creating a current of air; its moral effects differ according to one's nervous or mental constitution.

ter and brick tumbled down where the shot struck;
the shells burst, in two balls of smoke and fire, right
over the embreshie of their gan; but in three mindres
another round shot from the corner flew into our camp.
Again our gins went at it. This lasted all day; the
corner of the Martinière suffered, but the gin was not
touched. After breakfast, which I enjoyed all the
better for having a bead on my shoulders, went to the
top of the Dilkoceha, where I spent the day, hot as it
was. The advantages of the site, as a look-out, made
it a general rendezvous. Sir Colin esme up about 11
o'clock, and spent half an hour on the roof examining
the place and talking to us. Lugard has occupied lking to us. Lugare staff (a round shot passed through his breakfast room this morning. I was glad to be a way from camp, as it has to be moved to-day. The enemy find they an-noy as, and have learned from their spies the Lord Sahib is there. I should not be surprized if they mistook Mr. Hegan, on his white pony, this morning, the Commander-in Chief on his white horse. This morning a round-shot pitched close to our mess-tent, at breakfast-time. A little later, as I was in my teut, preparing to go on; another rashed through the craeming branches close to me, and I thought some of us must suffer. There was a short and a slight commotion among the natives; on going out, I found the shot had gone through the tent of Sir David Baird's servant, and had broken his pipe; but had done no other dam-age. Nothing makes reople as uncasy as being shelled or under fire in their camp. The oldest so diers can't stand it. No one knows when or where a shot may come. S'r Colm had, in fact, put us too near, as we were only a couple of hundred yards from the Dilkcosha. There were some essentities from the fire in the Highlanders' camp. The Sepoys give their gams a great elevation, don't mind the strain on carriages, and

ire away. fire away.

There was a kind of club-meeting on the top of the Dilhocaba all day. I met Colonel Evelegh, of the 20th—an old neighbor in the camp near Catheart's Hull—a galiant and excellent officer. He looks browned, halo, and hearty. Macdonnell and Horrford, of the kills Brigade, were also there. The latter engaged in a duel with a rascal in the Martiniere, who was dressed very conspicuously in rich yellow robes. He sat in a window, and now and then took a rille from his servants and fired it at us. From the blackness of his face, and the richness of his dress, it was imagined he was one of the African sunuche of the palace, whose skil, as markenen, had caused us great loss during the sleep of the Residency, and to one of whom Neill's death in attributed. After the second or third shot, Heraford's rival disappeared. Napier, of the Engineers also came up and surveyed the place. His manner is charming, kindly, quiet, and free, and his eyes have a screee good expression, which invites confidence and demands respect.

I could not but be struck with the admirable personnel of our efficiers as they stood chatting in groups today. Sir Colin, spite of a slight stoop, is every inch a sofdier in look and bearing—spare, muscular, well-poised on small, well-made feet, to which some utilitations boot maker has done scant justice, and given least the first the second or can the best store had straight down her the was a kind of club-meeting on the top of the

ram boot-maker has done scant justice, and given plenty of leather; one arm held straight down by the aide, with slenehed fist, the other used with easy ges-ture; his figure shows little trace of fifty years of the hardest and most varied service beyond that which a rigorous age must carry with it; the face is marked, indeed, with many a seam across the brow, but the indeed, with many a ream across the brow, but the mouth, surm unted by a trimmed, short mustache, is clean-cut and firm, showing a perfect set of teeth as he speaks; the jaw, smooth and troad, is full of decision; the eye of the most pierring intelligence, fall of light and shrewdness. General Manefield, taller than his and abrewdness. General Manefield, taller than his chief, well made and broad-cheeted, gives some indications of his entraordicary attention to the labors of the deck and study in a "scholar's, signs in his shoulders. His face is handsome a line oval with a vigorous just compressed, arched lips, full of power; a well-formed ness, and a brow laden with thought; his eight is not good, and he is obliged to wear glasses or spectacles, which he holds rather alort, giving himself the air of our friend at the banquet of Nasatenus, "omnis suspenders mose." It is this, probably, which has made some people tight; the general is supervilious; but I am some people think the general is supercitions; but I am satisfied no one will find him to who has to approach him to business. Horsford is the beau ideal of an b'm en business. Horsford is the bean ideal of an English elifeer. Lock at all there men, and you will and there are not above two who have the least "awagger," or awash-buckler air, while they all look like solders.

But this was a mere bagstelle compared with the scene which he was soon after to witness, and in which he took a more decided part than he had out at intervals the white houses of merchants. The noise of ton-toning in the villages, the braying of ingumerable dogs, and the wild choruses of jackals as of Barefilly without abridgment: bargained for. We give his account of the battle

Early this morning (May 5) the whole army, with a strong asymme guard of osymity, guns, and infantry, proceeded to attack the enemy's position. We had a long march before us are we could get at them. In our lorg march before us ere we could get at them. In our little camp there were great preparations last night. Norman was indefatigable; so were Macaberson and Allgeoe; and last, not least the Chief and his Chief of the Staff, Macabeld, who, is addition to Flood, has now got Crealock from Chiea in Lieu of Johnstone, gone none sick. An order of march and battle was specially ordered, and dispositions made to strengthen Tod Brown's ordnance commissuriat guard. Licutena it Morland, the baggage master, had no ordinary task before him to keep those coormous masters of vehicles, and beasts, and men, which seem to be grawing every day from the ground, in anything like order. In our and beasts, and men, which seem to be grawing every day from the ground, in snything like order. In our case pepcial it structions were given for the restriction of the cooly-bearers. There were three of u.—Str David Baird, Alison, and myself—who were to be marched at the head of the infantry column, but on the right or off-side, the case y lying on our left front. It is canious how little information we can get about Bareisly. It is said that all the way from Furreedpore till within a mile of the rained cantonments, the country is as level and smooth as a bowling-green. The result is, that the road is raised above the ground, in order that it may not be flo ded in the rains. Outside the cantonments there is a small stream flowing devicusly in a deep bed, and the ground is intersected by nullahs, so as to be unfavorable for the movements of regular troops, in various places. Jones is no wasupposed to be within a day's march on the other side of the town; but there are at least two sides open for the greater part of the rebels two sides open for the greater part of the rebels to get off, and they are far stronger in cavalry than

to get off, and they are far stronger in cavalry than we are.

Before we started this morning, I called the syes, and told him to keep my best horse close to the litter. Alisen and Baird gave the same directions to their servants. This little piece of foresight saved all our lives, althou, h I had a hard struggle for my own. Among all horrible deaths, I think being eliced to pieces as one lay helpiesely in a litter has a high place. Knowing that the enemy had thousands of sowars, while we had only a few hundreds of horse, that our live of march would necessarily be very long and imperfectly protected, and that natives are very prone to make flat k and rear attacks, it struck me that curpositionand arrangements would be such as to afford them every-inducement to by the effects of a charge; and the result proved I did not miscalculate. We moved slowly, with frequent halts to close up the column, and to permit the bagg-ge and siege guns and ammunition to join. As the sun rose it gave promise, which was coly too well kept, of n day of intense, pitilets heat. By 9 o'clock in the morning we had not got much more than haif way toward Bareilly.

Tortured by flies, smothered in an atmosphere of dust, prostrated by heat, my sufferings were augmented by loss of blood, by recent leeca-bites, and by a fresh blister. Belladonna had lost its influence over the pain in my icjured limb.

fresh bister. Belladorna had fost its infidence over the pain in my injured limb.

Looking out of my portable bedstead, I could see nothing but legs of men, horses, camels, and elephants moving past in the dust.

The trees were scanty by the readside. There was no friendly shade to afford the smallest shelter from the bisamy sun. I had all the sensations of a man who

the blazing sun. I had all the sensations of a man who is smoothering in a mud-bath.

The constant halts of the column were most irritating and annoying; but in the midst of one of them I heard some shots fired in front, about noon. The men moved forward at once, and, making my dooly-bearers avail themselves of an opening between two battalions, I was carried over to the left side of the road, which was blocked up with a mass of men and baggage, of which language can give no description. By this movement I was enabled to see a little of what was going on.

movement I was enabled to see a little of what was going cn.

It appears that we had just come upon a picket or patrol of the enemy, who had abandoned a gan in a small work, which sught to have wept the road. The firing ceased, and the troops still continued to advance. After a time I observed a squadron or two of the Carabaneers in the fields to my left, beyond and fringing which were the usual dense woods of mangoes, pee puls, and other trees common over all this part of Robleund. I could not quits see the base of these groves, but presently I saw a puff of smoke rise from the midst of them, close to some cottages, and the round shot, which seemed to pitch into the center of a squad on of the Carabineers, ricochetted through the fields right toward my dooly, to the infinite discomfiture of numerous camp-fellowers who were engaged in leguminous toward my dooly, to the infinite discomittere of inductions camp-followers who were engaged in leguminous plundering. The shot stopped within thirty yards of the road. It was followed quickly by another, directed at the Carabiceers, which did not come so far. The Carabiceers troud slowly out of the line of fire; and just at that moment I saw Sir Cohn and a small staff cantering over the ground, and thou a troop, small staff cantering over the ground, and thou a troop, or part of a troop, of horse artillery, on both of which the enemy seemed to recommance their practice. Sudcerly their fire ceased, and, loozing as far forward as I could in advance, I saw the infantry deploying on the ground in front of the road, and extending themselves toward the left. There were some white buildings to be seen here and there amid the trees before them. "Bareilly hai, sahib," said my bearers. Then a fresh cusburst of passbetry fire took place, which died out, and one or two heavy guns began to open from inside the city upon us. Another pause took place. I was consumed by desire to see and to know.

An officer-I forget his name now-came down the road, and, seeing me in the dooly, he asked:
"Can you ted me, Russell, where Tod Brown is?
The chief wants up the heavy guns."
I could only neigh that I had seen him an hour before struggling to make his way through the baggage and thanky toward the front.

blantry toward the front.
"And what are the heavy guns for? Are there works

"No: but the enemy seem strong, entrepched in old boures and icclosures, and Sir Colin wante to give them a pounding before he goes in at them. They have shown lets of cavalry on both our flanks."

The delay, or rather the halt of the column where I was, lasted some time after this. Every moment the l'est became more fearful. More than one European soldier was carried past me fainting or dead. Major Metcaife had kindly given me two bottles of French winc of the Chief's. I gave a cupful to one of those poor fell; wa who was laid down by my doely, getting it into his mouth with difficulty, for his teeth were partially set, his tongue sticking in his throat. He recovered a little, looked at me, and said "God bless you!" then tried to get to his feet, gave a sort of gaso, and fell down dead. The crush on the road has become fell down dead. The crush on the road had become tremendors. The guns were beginning to move. Every mementa rude shock was given to the dooly which threatened to burl it down the bank; so I told be bearers to lift me and carry me off to a small tope to the field to my left, which seemed to be a quarter of mile away, and to be certain to give us shale. field was covered with camp followers, who were plucking the grain and salads with which the country supeared to abound all over. But it turned out that the tope, which after all was a very small cluster of bamcoos and other trees, was much further than I thought, at d was by no means very umbrageous. Here my dooly was placed close to Baild's; the bearers went reide among the banbocs, and squatted down to smoke or sleep. Have we not all, in our small expesiones, seen an army swell or ed up by shillful leadership! Peror sleep. seen an army swaffored up by shill at leadership? Per-haps not often at Chobbam or Aldershott, but still often enough at accidental reviews. Around us just now there was no sign of the British troops in front. They had dipped down into ravines, or were at the other side of the high road. Here and there were clouds of dust, which marked the course of cavalry. Behind us were the columns of the rear-guard and of the baggage. But the camp-followers were reathered all over the plans, and the scene looked penesful as a hop gathering. There is a sun, indeed which tells us we are not in There is a con, indeed, waich tells us we are a Kent. In great pain from anyry teech-bites and ters, I had removed every particle of clothing except my shirt, and lay penting in the dooly. Haf an hour er so had passed away in a sort of dreamy, pag-tongy or so had passed away in a sort of dreamy, nec-rompy kind of existence. I had ceased to wonder why anything was not done. Suddenly once more there was a lattle explosion of meaketry in our front. I leaned out of my dooly, and saw a long line of flighlanders, who seemed as if they were practicing independent file-firing on a parade-ground, looking in the distance very cool, and quiet, and firm; but what they were firing at 1 in v on endeavored to secretain. A few markets were troops seemed to be myving about in front of them. tive troops seemed to be moving about in front of them. As suddenly sait had begun, the firing died out once more. "What can it be?" said I to Baird.
"I have not the least idea. It is firing of some soror other. How deueed hot it is! I am going to die."

A long panse took place. I looked once or twice toward the road, to see if there were a y symptoms of our advance. Then I sank to sleep. I know not what my dreams were, but well I remember the waking.

There was a confused clamor of slufeks and shouting in my ear. My dooly was raised from the ground, and then let fall violently. I heard my bearers shouting "Sowar! zowar!" I saw them flying with terror in their inces. All the camp-followers, in wild confusion, were rushing for the road. It was a verticable stamper of men and animals. Elephants were trampeting shally as they thundered over the fields, camels slaing along at their namest joggling stride, horse and tats, weren and children, were all pouring in a stream, which converged and tosed in heaps of white as it neared the read—snawful panic! And, heavers above! within a few hundred yards of us, aweeping on like the wind, rushed a great billow of white sowars, their salers flashing in the sun, the roar of their voices, the thunder of their horses, filling and shaking the air. As they came on, camp-followers fell with cloft skulls and bleeding wounds upon the field; the left wing of the wild cavalry was coming straight for the tops in which we lay. The eye takes in at a glance what tengue cannot tell or hand write in an hoor. Here was, it appeared, an inglerious and miserable death swooping down on us in the heart of margue, in France, with great success.

that y-liking crowd. At that instant my faithful eyec, with drops of sweat rolling down his black face, ran towards me, dragging my unwilling and plunging house towards the litter, and shooting to me as if in the greatest affliction. I could scarcely move in the docly. I con't know how I ever managed to do it, but by the help of poor Randeen I got into the staddle. It felt sike a plate of red-hot iroo; all the flesh of the blisteres thigh rolled off in a quid on the flap; the levels blies burst out afresh; the stirrup-irons seemed like blezing coals; death itself could not be mere foll of pain. I had nothing on but my shirt. Feet and legs maked—head uncovered—with Randeen helding on by one stirrup-leather, while, with wild cries, he urged on the borse, and struck him over the flarks with a long strip of thorn—I flew across the plain under that awful sun. I was in a ruck of stimulas scon, sind gave up all chance of life as a troop of sowars dashed in smong them. Randeen gave a loud cry, with a look of terror over has shoulder, and, leaving the stirrup-leather, disappared I followed the direction of his glance, and saw a blick-bearded secundrel, ahead of three sowars, who was coming right at me. I had noither aword nor pistel. Just at that moment a poor wreach of a camel-driver, leading his beast by the nose-sirios, rushed right scroes me, and reeing the sowar so close, darted under his camel's belly. Quick as thought, the sowar reiped his horse right round the other site of the camel, and as the mas rose, I saw the flash of the tulwer isling on his head live a stroke of light. ning. It dieft through both ha hands, which he had crossed on he head, and with a feeble gurgle of "Ram! Ram!" the camel driver fell close beside me with his skull splt to the nose. I felt my time was come. My naked heels could make no impression on the panting horse. I saw, indeed, a cloud of dast and a body of men advancing from the road; but ust at that mement a pain so keen shot through my hand up to my head, but there was no blood; fo that y-liting crowd. At that instant my faithful eyes, blood; for a moment a pleasant dream of home came across me; I thought I was in the hunring-field, that across me; I thought I was in the hunning-field, that the heart of the pack was all around me; out I could not hold on my horse; my eyes swam, and I remember no more than that I had, as it were, a delicious plunge into a deep, cool lake, in which I sank deep and deep, till the gurgling waters rushed into my lungs and stifled

me.

On recovering my senses, I found myself in a dooly by the road-side, but I thought what had passed was a dream. I had been for a long time insensible. I tried to speak, but my mouth was full of blood. Then I was seized with violent syssms in the langs, from which for more than an hour I coughed up quantities of mucus and blood; my read felt like a ball of molten lead. It is only from others I gathered what happened this day, for my own recollections of the occurrences after the charge of the cavalry are more vague than those of a sick man's night visions. I can remember a long halt in the dooly, amid an immense number of animunition camels, sick and wounded soldiers, and campfollowers. I remember rows of doolys passing by to the rear, and occasional volleys of musketry, and the firing of field guas close at hand. It appears that I fall from my horse close to the spot where Tombe's gus were unlimbering, and that a soldier who belonged to the ammunition guard, and who was running from the sowars, seeing a body lying in the sun all naked, except a bloody shirt, sent out a dooly when he got to the road for "a dead officer who had been stupped," and I was taken up and carried off to the ne got to the road for "a dead oncer who had been stripped," and I was taken up and carried off to the cover of some trees. Alison and Baird saved themselves also, but they got well away before I could mount. Baird's servant poured some brandy down my threat. After a long interval of pain and half consciousness of life, Simon came to me, chafed my legs and arms, and rubbed my cheet. My thirst was insatiable. The heat from 12 o'clock to sunset was tre-mendens, and this day all over India we lost literally hardreds of men by sun-stroke. For hours we were halted close behind the 79th and 42d. At one time I have a drawny sort of notion that I saw a body of men charge on the inter and the staff, and a great deal of bayonetting and shooting going on; but I cannot say whether it was real, or if, hearing of the charge of the Gazes that evening, and the descriptions of it given as often while I was very weak, I mistake the impressions of one sense for those of another. No surgeon came near me, as well as I recollect, for several hours. The non-attendance of my friends may have tended to save my life. As soon as the flow of bloed and muous from the lungs had somewhat ceased, Simon got me a bottle of via ordinaire, which I drank at a few gulps. My dooly was recovered, and it was lucky I was not in it, for it bore marks of a probing of no friendly character was fecovered, and was more friendly character by lance and sword. Tod Brown afterward told me that some of the sowars came up within a few yards of bis guns, and that one fellow was shot when within the state of the sowars times of states ordinance, which he of his guns, and that one fellow was shot when within ten feet of a heavy piece of stege ordinance, which he seemed determined to spike. The Mooltanes horse were wheeled round, and cent out to meet the sowars the moment they were seen to be down on us; but some of them turned, and Tombs, who had come up at a gallop, was obliged to fire into a mass of Mooltaness and sowars who were all coming tell-mail toge her upon his guns. This, and the sight of the Carbineers bearing cown on them, rapidly kept the sowars fiving upon his gams. This, and the sight of the Caroneers bearing cown on them, rapidly tent the sowars flying to the right-about; but the panic produced by their demonstration was very great, and almost as soon as the first was over I believe a second took place.

The snn was going down ere we were moved forward for about half a mile, and there, on a bare sandy ward for about half a mile, and there, on a bare sandy plain, was one small tent pitched for Sir Colin, and two or three pall and sexvants tents for the officers. I was put into my own pall. Scarcely was I placed in the charpoy ere Sir Colin came in, and, having heard what had happened, congratulated me on the escape from ann and sowar, and proceeded to give me details side Bareilly he was in reality only outside the rained cantonments, some miles from the city proper.
epemy were still in the city. They had fallen by and it was too late to pursue them or to make an attempt to enter the place. The men were quite ex-bausted. They had suffered fearfully from saustroke. Sir Colin described the charge of the Gazees vividly. Just at this moment Walpole came in with a bloody handkerchief round his hand. He had a narrow e handkerchief round is hand. He had a harrow ex-cape from the Gazies, and was nearly out to pieces under Sir Colin's eyes. The General sattalking with the Chief for some time; and then Cameron of the 42d came into my tent to add his harrative of a very nar-row shave indeed, for the Gazees dragged him from his horse, his revolver was in the holster, his sword follows of the cabbard as he was pulled to the grand. fel, out of the ecabbard as he was pulled to the ground and but for the coolness and courage of two or three of his own men he would have been backed to piece in a moment. Of the Gazees but one or two escaped. Languisty and drowsity I listened to all this; all worldly affairs for the time seemed of little conse-quence to me. I was thinking of home.

The doctors came in at last, Tice and Mackinson. They saw me—wishdrow, consulted in whispers. I can remember so well their figures as they stood at the door of the pall, thrown into dark shade by the blazing door of the pall, thrown into dark sends by the blazers bivonac fires! No tents were pitched; the soldiers iny down in their blankets, or without them on the sandy plain. The cavalry stretched themselves by their borses, and the artiflery lay among their guns. Strong pickets and patrols were posted all round the camp. Ere I went to sleep for the night I was ancinted all over the back and chest with strong tincture of ionine. I never know till long after ward that up to this moment one lung had ceased to act at all, and that a nortion of the other was correct from pulmonary. portion of the other was gorged from pulmonary poplexy, brought on by the sunstroke or neat; and bet in fact my two friezds had no expectation of my being alive next morning. Such is my recollection and experience of the Battle of Barcisly.

Here we take leave of the graphic narrator, assuring our readers that it will be well worth their while to make acquaintance with his diary, from which they will obtain a vivid impression of oriental life, especially in the terrible aspect which it were during the rebellion of 1857-'8.

BOOKS RECEIVED. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. Collected and republished by Thomas Carlyle. 4 vols. Plmc. Brown & Taggard. The Works of Washington Irving. New Edition, Revised. Val. II. The Sactob Sock. Plmo, pp. 455. G. P. Putum. Tylney Hall. By Thomas Hood. Plmo, pp. 478. J. E. Tilton & Co.

Bogolar Astronomy. By O. M. Mitchel, LL.D. 12mo., pp. 376
Phinney, blairman & Mason.
Fresh Hearts that Falled Three Thousand Years Ago; With
Other Phings. By the author of "The New Priest in Conception Bay." 12mo, pp. 12d. Tiornor & Fields.
Elements of Chemical Physics. By Josiah P. Cooke jr. 8vo.,
pp. 129 Lattic, Frown, & Co.
Sommanbuthen and Gracop, by Baron Reichenbach. Translated
from the German by John S. Hittell. 12mo., pp. 22d. Calvin Blanctard.
The Life of Siephen A Douglas. By James W. Sheanan. 12mo.,
pp. 862 Harper & Brothers.
By Mayarrai Field. 12mo., pp.

The Lafe of Stenhon A Douglas, By James W. Sheanan. 12mo., pp. 398. Harper & Brothers.

Bertin Fercy, or L'Esparance. By Margarei Field. 12mo., pp. 467. B. Appleton & Co.

The Semb Detached thorse. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. 12mo., pp. 211. Tichnor & Fiels.

The Galland Stories. Counth Gray. By Ges. B. Taylor of Virginia. 12mo., pp. 173. Sheldon & Co.

The United States Insurance alimanae for 1800. Edited by G. E. Curric. 800, pp. 176. G. E. Curric.

American History. By Jacob Abbatt. Vol. I. Aboriginal America. Ilmo. pp. 286. Sheldon & Co.

A Discourse on the 41%, Character, and Gentus of Washineton Irving. By William Collen Bryant. 12mo., pp. 46. G. P. Puttaen.

Fulnam.

Every Body's Lawyer and Counsel : in Business. By Frank
Crasby. 17mo., pp. 304. John E. Potter.

Declaims of the Internal Department, in Public Land Cases. By
W. W. Letter. Sec. pp. 772. ft. P. & R. H. dessell.

Satantioe: cr. The Littlepage Manuscripts. By J. Foundore
Cooper. Illustrated by Darley. 12mo., pp. 501. W. A.
Townsend & Co.

-The culture of turtles is now prosecuted in La Ca-

LITERARY.

-The Hon. Edward Everett's "Life of Washing ten" will shortly be published by Sheldon & Co. It is the narrative furnished by him to the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, in return for which the publishers present him with a copy of that great national work, now just reaching completion in its revised form. Meeers Sheldon & Co.'s Spring list includes other announcements of promise, as a new juvenile series on American History, by Jacob Abbott, to form, in twelve volumes, an outline of events on this continent from aboriginal times to the adoption of the Federal Constitution; also reprints of Cariyle's " Life of Schiller," Milman's "L tin Christianity," Hagenbach's "History of Doctrines," edited by Prof. H. B. Smith, and a new translation of Neander's " Planting and Training of the Christian Church," by Prof. E. G. Robinson of Rochester Theological Seminary.

-A very remarkable fact comes out in connection with the volume of Lord Brougham's " Mathematical and Physical Tracts," just published by Messrs. Griffin. One of the papers, on the subject of Light and Colors, was published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1796. The copy sent to the Royal Society contained remarks on the effect of exposing a plate of ivery stained with nitrate of silver to the rays of the spectrum, and also on the result of submitting the plate to the rays passing through a small aperture into a dark room. These suggestions were considered by Sir C. Blagden to relate more to art than to pure science, and were accordingly omitted from the pubished copy. Had they appeared, it is morally certain that they would have led to the immediate discovery of photography, fifty years earlier than its actual introduction. In spice of its abstrace nature, a new edition of the volume was required in a week.

-Messrs. Clark & Co. of Edinburgh, whose Foreign Theological Library" has so large a circulation among our theologians, are commencing a third series of that work. The "Bible Expesitor" of Dr. Lanje, a distinguished German commentator, not yet introduced to English readers, will form the leading feature of this series, as the writings of Olshausen and Stier, have done of the first and second.

-The death of Col. Murs of Caldwell, recently annonneed, leaves another historical torso to be ranked with the unfinished works of Macaulay and Prescott. His "Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece," though advanced only to the fifth volume, is a work for which there is no substitute in English. A certain bardness and dryness of treatment may be perceptible when compared with the glowing enthusiasm of K. O. Muller, and the enlarged, statesmanlike views of Mr. Grote; but the scale of his work allowed of more ample detail and discussion than eiteer of theire, and Homer and Herodotus have never been so thoroughly investiga ed before in our language. The volume on Herodotus may be studied with advantage in connection with Rawlinson's annotated edition of

-Any new glimpse of Charles Lamb is always pleasant. A true-hearted admirer of his, Dr. J. W. Alexander, thus describes a pilgrimage to the India House in August, 1851, in his "Forty Years' Correspondence," just publishing by C. Scribner: "I inquired of the doorkeeper about Charles Lamb. He said, 'I have been here since I was sixteen years old, but I never heard of any Mr. Lamb.' The dourkeeper of the Museum remembered him well. 'On, yes, Sir: he was a very little man, with such small legs, and wore knee-breeches.' He directed me to a private stair which would take me down to the Account ant's Office. I went into a place below like a bank, and was aboun to a principal person, Mr. W. It was the room in which Lamb wrote for many years. Mr. W. showed me his window and where his deak was. I looked out at the high blank wall, no: five fee; beyend, and understood Lamb's 'India House.' Mr. W. she wed me a quarto volume of 'Interest Tables, with remarks like there, in Lumb's fine round hand on the fly-leaf: 'A book of much interest.-Ed. Re-view.' 'A work in which the interest never flags. -Quar. Review.' 'We may say of tale volume that the interest increases from beginning to end -Monthly Review.' Mr. W. knew Lamb well. He was a small man-smaller than you-and always wore shorts and black gatters." Poor Etia! what would he have said if he had known that the memory of his continuations" alone survived to distinguish him from his fellows? But in the process of the ages the very India House itself is now shortly to be sold, and will probably be replaced by a railroad station. In the general clearance of the Company, it is said £5,000 has been realized by the sale, at so much per tun, to the paper milis of the cuplicate archives alone, so cirimleentory were all the processes of business in this princely corporation. In this mass doubtlessly was ncluded what Lamb emphatically called his "true corks."

-Miss Catherine Sinclair is one of the writers whose works may be called "a library in themselves," a cast such is the opinion of her publisher, who announces a reissue of them at Is. 6d. per volume, as 'The Cheap Library" (with reference, no doubt, to the price only), to appear once a month for a whole year. Her early works, "Mocern Accomplishments" and Modern Society," had a large sale in this country, but in the multitude of books. American readers have not kept no with her later writings.

-Mr. John Forster is continuing his series of mono graphs on the History of the Commonwealth Times, his " Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I. He draws liberally for authority on Sir Symonds D'Ewes's MS. Parliamentary Journal, to which his Essay on the Grand Remonstrance" was so much ndsbted: a new separate edition of the latter work, and also one of the "Biographical Essays on Defoe, Steele." etc., with which it was at first conjoined, will be published by Mr. Murray.

-Mesera. Nisbet will speedily issue "Letters of Hannah Moore, to Zachary Macaulay, esq., contain ing Notices of Lord Macanlay's Youth." published. Edited and arranged by Arthur Roberts, M. A., I vol. crown 8vo. Some specimens of this co. respondence were recently published in Macmillan's Magazine, and make it certain that the work will be one of the highest interest.

-The publication of the volume entitled "Escays and Reviews," by Mr. J. W. Parker, is a remarkable incident for the historian of opinion. Though put for ward as a conunuation of, or rather substitute for, the 'Oxford and Cambridge Essays," the contents are exclusively of a theological cast. The writers are all men of mark, including the Oxford Professor of Hebrew, Prefessor Jowett, and of geometry, Professor Baden Powell; the master of Rusby School Dr. Temple, and the Vice Principal of the Church Col lege at Lampeter, in Wales, Dr. Rowland Williams, Yet the whole objects of the volume-giving sym metry and purpose to its separate parts-is to proclain the inconsistency of the old doctrinal standards of orthodox Christianity with the progress of science, and to sesert the supremacy of reason as the judge of the retentions of revelations, instead of the contrary view In the various sessys (on the Interpretation of Scrip ture, the Mocaic Cosmogony, Bunsen's Biblical Re searches, &c.) every clettoguishing doctrine of the Church to which there gentlemen belong, as Biblical Inspiration, Original Sin, Future Punishment, to Sacramental System, &c , is controverted with all the power of logic and the latest scientific research.

-The great success of Mr. Mansell's "Bampton Lectures" has led to the reissue by Mesers. Black of that gertleman's article on Metaphysics in the Enyclopadia Britannica. It will appear in an enlarged orm, and be entitled " Metaphysics, or the Phenomena f Consciousness, Phenomenal and Real."

-Mrs. Browning finds it necessary to set herrelt right with the public in consequence of the extraordipary obtuseness of the English journalists, who per sist in fitting to their heads the cap not intended for them, and claiming "A Curse for a Nation," in the " Poems before Congress" as the undoubted property of a source of mortification and pain. Nowhere else does

old England. The modern Coseandra desires that it may be known, that the United States and not England is the subject of her vaticinations, though in obedience to the proverb " curses always come home to roos," the utterance was too Orphic to carry it to its aim screen the Atlantic.

-The writer in The Athenseum who watches over the interests of Junius and Pope, and who must not be confounded with the editor, Mr. Hopworth Dixon (is whom the recent defense of Lord Bacon is credited) is extending his investigation to Lady Mary Wordsy Montagu, and in an article of great research, proved copelurively that the present form of her well known "Letters from the East" cannot be the genuine easis. which they were first written, and that probability is much squinst the authenticity of a large portion of a other correspondence attributed to her, and accepted, without scraple, by her descendant, Lord Wharnelife.

-The Sur see Society (so named from the historias of Durham), one of the most active of the local pas-lighting accieties in England, which answer in some respects to our State Ristorical Societies, have recently brought out, edited by the Rev. J. Rairie, "The Pabric Rolls of York Cathedral," a minute record of the pre-gress of erection of that building. They are full of interest to the lovers of Gotaic architecture, and sincidate many points of art history. A curious fact is that no trace of one governing mind, answering to our modern architect, is visible; the Master Masons, who were engaged by the Chapter, were the responsible persons, but it is still a mystery from whence originated the glorious design. The workmen in the 13th and 14th centuries had strong points of resemblance with their successors of the 19th-some what turbulent and difficult to manage, and prone to stipulate for their beer, and extra pay for all unusual work. The theory which would connect the Free Masons with the gigantic piles proves to be unfounded, as not the slightest reference occurs to any such institution.

-A new installment of Mr. Fronde's "History of England" is definitely promised for the present cesson. It will include the period of the reigns of Edward VL and Queen Mary, and carry him about half-way to the execution of his plan, which ends with the death of Queen Elizabeth.

-Mr. John Chapman of London, well known as the publisher of The Westminster Review, and a class of books belonging to the advanced guard of liberal opinions, is declining business, to pursue the practice of medicine. His successor is Mr. George Mainwaring, gentleman who will pursue the same line of publication and pay especial attention to subjects connected with "Progress" in Politics, Philosophy, and Smace, as well as in Religious History and Doctrine. One of Mr. Chapman's latest contributions to The Westminster Review, "Christian Revivals, their History and Natural History," has been reprinted in a separate form, owing to the great demand.

-Specimens of "The Eden Papers" are finding that way into print. Two interesting letters from Edmund Burke to Mr. Eden, then Under-Secretary of State. are given in The Athenseum, containing anapolis tion for the respite of a criminal condemned through the unone severity of the Jory to be hung for robberg, and also a letter from Gen. Washington dated at " Valley Forge, June 15, 1778," Mr. Eden filling the appoint ment of Commissioner to America in that year. His brother, Sir Robert Eden, was the last Colonial Governor of Maryland, and Washington alindes very gracefully to their former intinacy.

ART IN WASHINGTON.

[First Article.] THE CHAMBERS OF CONGRESS.

When that famous New-Zeal ander of the English bletorian shall explore among the ruins of a mighty city on the banks of the Thames for the evidences of the civilize tion of an extinct people, it is to be hoped that he will not have an idle day upon his hands wherein to prosscute his researches on the other side of the Adamtik, upon the banks of the Potomac, in a study of the remains of art left by the people who built there the Capital of a great Republic. If, however, the think for knowledge in that learned antiquary should promet him to make this little excursion, it is some comfort to reflect that the ruins of Grecian architecture will less him to ante date our national existence by a few those sand years with entire confidence, while there will b nothing left whereby he may correct that impresion, or arrive at any positive knowledge of our task in the art of interior decoration. We bear no antid patory ill will toward that coming and curious cravele but for his sake, as well as our own, rejoice in the be lief that the classic shades of Goose Creek will be murky and dank with centuries of solitude, and decay. otherwise-oid we bear him a prophetic grudge for his better lack in living in that age when England is only to be remembered as a semi-dividized people of an easi period we should feed it fat with the hope that some care'ul excavation would reveal to bim, in toierable preservation, a few of the rooms of our National Casitol. It would drive him mad; that worst of all free zier, the macness of a bothered savant, whose knowle edge, whose toil, whose judgment, whose committee sense, and whose reputation are made a vanish and snare, would possess him, and he would rave and gibe at a pursuis which so baffled all his acuteness and leavaing. If the pure Greek of the architectural raint which he found scattered about on those various eminences convinced him that the people of the Republic were probably a Colony from Athens, and not from Ergland, a thousand evidences in the excavated chambers would bewilder him with the equal probability that they came from Pompeii or from Rome would torment him with a suggestion of Exypt, would degue bim with reminisceness of the art of Chica and Japan, and leave him at length wi h the conclusion, if he was cane enough to conclude upon anything, that history had made some grave mistake in regard to these

acter have had any special purpose in this world. But we take comfort in the thought, as we said be fore, that all this cannot be. Wantever trick our maginations may play us now, thanks to that allegerical personage with a scythe in one hand and an hou was in the other, there will be nothing left of the present interior of our National Capitol to puzzle the distant future. Life is short, and art is long, brace is everlasting, and stone endureth forever; but thankete beneficent Nature planter is perishable, and paint is a pretence which no greater or more enlightened fires han a negro white-washer with a brust and a bit of iron-hoop can scrape and cover into the limbo of des and obtivion. This wilderness of stucco, on which dampness, in some places, has already seized, on which the fresco painting is in certain rooms, already oracking, will rapidly crumble a way under Time's "defasting fingers", even if it shall be held sacred from the black fingers of the white-washer. Stucco, like everything else, is good in its place; but never before had we a sense of how good a thing it may be where it ought not to be at all. No thanks are due to those persons who have had in charge the interior decoration of the Capital, for they donbiless are quite innocent of any good intention in doing their work in so shabiy and perishable a material. But as they were to do wrong it is pleasant to see that it was so done that the work could not last long. Reprehensible as they may be for making the Capitel a labyrinth of painted plaster and stucce ornament, it may be arged on their behalf the as they were to blander, their blanders were put in material to enally removed, and for which time is no ong-suffering.

Americans, who could not have been a race of pure

descent, refined manners, and cultivated taste, but an

utterly barbaric and ignorant and probably bestard

people who came from nowhere in particular, and

could hardly, judging from these evidences of their char-

All persons—all, at least, of any taste and dissrimi nation, and knowledge of art-who have ever visited Washington, no doubt go slong with us readily to tell condemnation of the interior of our National Capital That which ought to be our pride and our pleasure,